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THE LEGACY

2016

the legacy

2016

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To Live to Die

Alec Ennis

I would like to tell you a story, a story of a man, a man who used to be a king. This man was a very good king; he ruled a very good land. The people of the land loved their king and their king loved them.

On a day much like this, where all the birds are quiet and all the trees are still—a day where if you closed your eyes you would think you were dead—the king was out with some of his hunting dogs and his horse, wandering the countryside, marveling at the stillness of the day. The king's horse was trotting along beside him sniffing at the apple the king always kept in his pocket. The dogs would run on ahead and then run back, wishing the day would go by faster and that their master would hurry up. The king, however, was enjoying the relaxation of slowly walking through the forest.

The small group of men and animals stopped in a small meadow; wondering what to do next, when out of the woods came a knight—a knight with no horse, no armor and no sword. The knight rushed to the king quaking from fear. The knight told the king about the day, the day at the castle. The day was a lot different at the castle. The day was filled with noise, chaos and wind. The wind had come from the mountain; the mountain was called Pisgoh. The Pisgoh Mountain is in the southernmost part of the land. It is the highest of the mountains. The mountain has laughed at all who have stood at its base. It was from this mountain that the wind came. The wind told the knight to tell the king to meet him at the top of his mountain; mount Pisgoh. If the king would not meet him, the wind told the knight, then he would destroy the king's land, the land that he loved.

The king left immediately for the mountain. He left his horse, his dogs and the knight. The knight went back to the castle and told the people about what the king was going to do; he told them that the king was going to meet the wind at the top of the mountain.

The king walked to the mountain. He looked up and the mountain laughed; the mountain bellowed. But to the king it did not matter; he told himself that he was going to see the wind. The king told himself that he would do it no matter the cost to himself. He would not let the wind

destroy the land, the land that he so dearly loved. The king climbed, the king struggled. He crossed through streams that would lap at his feet as he passed them, enticing him to stay. The higher he rose the closer to the clouds he came until he could feel them broiling and swelling around him. As he left the clouds, the king found himself at the top of the mountain.

At the top of the mountain was the wind. The king could not see the wind, but he could hear the wind; he could hear all the taunts and the snickers. The wind told the king that he wanted to destroy the land, the land that the king loved. He told the king that the only way to save the land was to give up his right as king and jump off of the mountain. The wind told the king the clouds would catch him, the same clouds the king had passed on the way up the mountain. The clouds were dark and forbidding. With a weary and despondent sigh, the king threw his ring off the mountain, his signature ring, the one which was used to rule the kingdom. The king closed his eyes and jumped.

Portrait of an Old Town

Sarah Hunt

I am driving home under the melancholy grey sky that reminds you of the empty spaces in your chest. Sickly yellow street lamps are coming on, one by one, highlighting the potholes and cracks in the road. I can't help but picture what it might have looked like in the 60s. The still all American heartland town, when the rusted buildings were new and shining, when the once grand houses had fresh paint, well-manicured yards, un-littered by fake deer and old tires. I remember old newspapers from estate sale boxes, pictures of women in smart dresses with cinched waists, sitting prettily in the society section. They are probably dead now. Buried in the cemetery on a hill that overlooks the city, and down onto the tiny matchbox houses now boarded up or falling into disrepair. Still yet it seems maybe it was never new. There was always the dust, the smudge, the ghostly fog on old mirrors. I wonder how it will continue, or if it will at all, perpetually rise and fall, as all things do, or simply fall, the lifeblood of youth trickling out and down the freeway, or soaking into the already saturated ground.

Hopeless seems so dark a word, but the truth was never pretty, was it? Perhaps, here, is the hardness of truth, in its grit, its blood. The pebbles that stick in your palms and skinned knees. They once said the depressed were the most realistic of us all, that it was the perpetual state of the human mind—everyone else in optimistic denial. I was inclined to believe them. Our rose-coloured glasses taint the world cotton candy pink while E-flat minor and discorded harmonies echo somewhere in the mountains, longing, hard, sad.

What haunts you? I want to ask the old railroad tracks. Who died here? I say to the gaping cinder block house. Do you remember what laughter sounds like? I know you remember the bark of dogs, the screech of tires, gunshots or fireworks, who can tell. Dust the memories off the way we dusted sawdust and insulation from the boxes in the hoarder's attic—find them suspended just the way you left them, open the room—unchanged since the children left. The toys lie on the floor where they fell from small hands. The safest memories are the ones unremembered. The more they are recalled the more corrupted they become till we are painting our own picture all over again, and we are Van Gogh on a rainy night. Is that what happened?

You remembered them all too often. You stared at the sun till you were blind and wondered why you could not see the stars. Yes, that must be it. You clutched those slips of laughter so greedily—recalled them again and again until they faded, till now you hear nothing but the wind, and cough nothing but ashes.

From Earth to Sky

Brenton Campbell

It's like it was only just yesterday
When I was without you. My heart ached and
My head spun 'round for that which I could say
Not that I sought. My skin felt dry, like sand
That, over time, had been burned, NO, been scorched
By sun and stars and angels of stone and fire,
As though the heavens had set me to be torn.
But through the dark I heard a sound, a choir

To my despondent ears. A whisper, no
More than a hush, a breath that swirled
Over my face. I saw your form. A glow
Shone brightly on my own, and life unfurled.
For since that time I never count the days.
Your hands on mine, my face on yours, always.

Cathedral

Sarah Hunt

Daughter,
you are a cathedral.
Your ribs rise in vaulted grace,
the nave of your mouth stands open,
and cloister arms,
extend.
Your skin's stretch marks
are etched like stained glass;
Flame light flickers in your eyes.
Wonder of time and art,
made by divine hands,
you are more beautiful than Notre Dame
and all her souls.

When the men come to pray,
do not let them
desecrate this house.
Stand unshaken,
as the bombs burst around you.
You will tremble.
But you will not fall.

Enfold the weary pilgrim
who comes to you by night.
Sanctuary

he will say.

And find it, in you.

Untitled Document

Alec Ennis

What is it like being untitled?

Is it like being without a seat in class?

Is it like being with everyone else,
but still not belonging?

Is it like sitting in a church pew alone?

Is it like listening to the same sermon,
but still not belonging?

Is it like lying in bed at night, staring?

Is it like wishing to sleep,
but not wishing with anyone?

Is it like being that person that everyone knows?

Is it like being without friends,
but save the unintelligible mob?

Should it be questioned?

Should it be disregarded?

Should being titled even matter?

If one is titled one stands out with specificity.

If one is without a title one stands out with a specific generality.

If one is titled a reader knows what to expect,
and one is judged on one's title,
and taken for what little it shows.

If one is without a title a reader cannot judge one from the start,
but one may be passed over,
having been judged by the lack of a way to judge.

Which is worse:

To be judged by a mere title and picked apart by it,

or to be passed over and be alone, waiting for the one person who
will not judge.

Ties

Brenton Campbell

All ties may, at once, come to end.
Their breath and bonds shan't hold, nor stay,
And life or death be their last friend.

A trembling hand moves now to send
Shimmering time, hard earned, now far away.
All ties may, at once, come to end.

See many blood-red feathers extend;
Splayed wide, now more blood than prey.
And life or death be their last friend.

Tear-stained fingers scrape to mend
Gleaming silver, a heart now in pain.
All ties may, at once, come to end.

Tear-filled eyes now blink, distend
Toward that which once it took away.
And life or death be their last friend.

And you, my friend, question. I'll lend
You this wisdom I speak today.
All ties may, at once, come to end;
And life or death be their last friend.

Daddy

Tegan O'Keefe

I am surprised when I sit down to write,
how often my father comes to mind.
Though I rarely think of him from day-to-day,
On paper he dictates what I say.
To tell a story, I must begin
with how I got here,
and it starts with him.

Number One lesson my daddy taught me:
Never to curse, even if “kindly”
Her dress was so shiny, I had to say something:
“She’s damn pretty, isn’t she, Daddy?”
He asked me to repeat it and I knew I’d done badly,
but I was unsure of what, exactly.
After repeating the words in a much quieter tone,
He ordered me to never say that word again,
and muttered to himself, “Where’d she get that from?”
He returned to the couch and hit un-mute
so he could hear Law and Order: Special Victims Unit.

What else did he teach me?
To be kind, I suppose.
When I was little, he made me lunch.
He fed me grapes and Tostitos,
and made sure I said Thank you very much,
and “Daddy is a good cook.”

He returned the favor when I hosted picnics,
and offered him carrots that were orange blocks of wood.
He'd ask for the recipe and my four-year-old self
promised to share it as I put my toys back on the shelf.

He played with me often, and that's what I remember.
He'd hoist me on his shoulders
on the walk for the daily newspaper.
He pushed me high up in the swings
and taught me to skip on the way to preschool.
We played hide and seek in the trees
and went Trick-or-Treating on Halloween.
He took me to a Twins game
and showed me how to write my name.
He read to me The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe
and we even started Harry Potter
but we didn't get to finish
Because cancer took my father.

Atlas Shrugs

Sarah Hunt

The City of Lights has gone dark.
Kenya is bleeding under a red sun
as the Earth swallows up the bodies Death fed her.
Her stomach is full.

The Cedars of Lebanon have been cut down
and lie burning black in ancient sand
their scent still heavy in the air
diesel and sap run together.

Syria bathes in fire, her scorched arms
crumbling when she tries to embrace her bloodied children.
War walks where innocence sleeps,
Nameless faces in the night
stare down into the hollow hell of gun barrels
towards a fickle sea and leaking rafts.

The world stands wounded on bruised feet,
Wringing aching hands.
She drags herself round the sun again,
while her children weep, clinging to her back--
tiny hands letting go,
one by one.

The skies are silent but for the screaming of drones
And Earth trembles, as Atlas shrugs.

Colors of the Rainbow

Marselinny Mawuntu

The pregnant skies bore
A shower of tears,
Hoping the sun would soon
Return to brighten her spirits.

She wishes the pain would cease
And be released from the depression
That gripped her ever so tightly,
Clouding her mind with sorrow.

Alas, the sun arrives
Peeking his head from behind
The pallid, drained face
Of the skies.

Her mourning is hushed
But broken is trust
That had blatantly been
Washed away with her tears.
The time has come
The pain is done
The battle is won
O'er the hurt of the sun.

The victory opens a
Colorful scene—

A myriad of meshed,
Sparkling shades.

Red, orange, yellow,
Green, blue, indigo,
Violet—a beautiful family
Reflecting its pride.

The colors of the rainbow
Are the end result
Of the struggles and pain
That life will leave.